

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,
LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 24.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1805.

[WHOLE NO. 128]

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 161.

SUSANNA then acquainted Percival that Melmot, astonished at his stay, was gone to Burlington street to seek him ; and requested he would follow him alone, as she feared the stranger might need some of her assistance. This, neither Harley nor Mrs. Bentley would consent to, but insisted upon her joining the party. She then snatched up her hat, and Percival led her to the coach.

They found the party waiting for them with impatience ; and, after acquainting them with the cause of the delay, they all repaired to the Pantheon.

The crowd was immense, and in a short time the heat was so excessive, that Susanna, found herself very faint. Melmot, who was near her, begged her to retire, which she consented to ; and, not willing to interrupt the pleasure of their party, quitted the great room without making any mention of it.—

Her illness increasing, she apologized to Melmot for the trouble she was

under the necessity of giving him, but intreated him to escort her home. The carriage having been dismissed, a hackney coach was called, into which Melmot was just handing her, when a party of sailors appeared, armed with bludgeons, one of whom instantly aimed a blow at him, which effectually laid him senseless on the earth.

Having received no other injury than a temporary suspension of his faculties, Melmot soon recovered, and looked round with the most apprehensive terror, for Susanna, who was nowhere to be seen. Confident that she would not voluntarily have deserted him in such a situation, he began to be filled with the most agonizing terrors for her fate, and sought his friends, to make enquiries after her.

Percival, yielding to the natural impetuosity of his temper, could scarcely be restrained from publishing aloud the injury that had been sustained ; and the remainder of the night was spent in fruitless researches for the fugitive. As the company gradually dispersed, all hopes of success were obliged to be relinquished, and the party separated, much afflicted.

It was eight o'clock when Melmot reached his lodgings. He enquired if Mrs. Bentley was up. The servant informed him that she was at breakfast with the strange lady.

Hearing him, and having seen him alight without Susanna, she eagerly rushed out, to enquire for her niece. Melmot, to quiet her fears, made as light of the business as possible ; and when he had, in some measure, composed the agitation of her spirits, followed her into the parlor. An elegant young woman was leaning, deeply absorbed in meditation, against the frame of the chimney piece. She turned her head at their entrance, and instantly, with a deep scream, sunk back in her chair. Melmot flew to support her, and in that moment, all recollections were forgot, but that she was his dear—his lovely—Maria !

Revived by his tender endearments, she hastened to explain the mystery of her flight, and began by acquainting him with the note she received, and her proceedings in consequence.

"The stranger," she continued, "sat-ed himself by me in the carriage, and for some time continued a respectful silence. After we had proceeded a few miles, I seemed impatient of the dis-tance—I seemed to be removed from home—and demanded of my com-pa-nion the reason. He informed me, with great gravity, that it was your desire I should be transported to London ; that, as Mr. Bromley seemed now so much prejudiced against you, it was probable he would never con-ent to our union ; therefore you con-cerned this plan to se-

THE VISITOR.

cure me to yourself. Implicitly confiding in your honor, although my heart condemned the proceeding, I made no material objection, particularly when he informed me, that I was, for the present, to be placed under the protection of some of your female friends, who were women of character. We travelled with the utmost speed, and took whatever refreshment we received in the carriage, while the horses were changing.

We reached London at the close of the next day, and were set down at an elegant house, where I understood you was to meet me. I took a glass of wine and a biscuit, and waited your coming with impatience. My heart sunk, as the servants who attended seemed to gaze at me with a curious, and impertinent air; and I begged to see the lady to whose care I was to be consigned.

"About eleven o'clock, a loud knock at the door announced what I thought to be your arrival, and I hastily rose to meet you. A tall, graceful man entered, and for the first moment I did not perceive my error. He advanced with a smiling air, and (as I now recollect) some embarrassment; telling me, that some particular business prevented your attendance; but begged I would accept of him as escort to Mrs. Norton, who was already prepared to receive me—

Eager to be with some female, I consented to the proposal, not without some indignity at your neglect; and we repaired, in his lordship's carriage, to her house.

I found her a good looking woman, about forty years of age, with a smiling countenance, and person rather too much adorned for her apparent age. She received me kindly, and introduced me to a smart-looking girl, whom she called her daughter. Being much fatigued, I begged to retire; and having an apartment entirely appropriated to myself, began to reflect at leisure on the transactions of the day. They were not of the most pleasant nature. But spare me," added she, blushing, "if I say, confidence in your affection softened all other apprehensions.

"At breakfast my new friends seemed to express great wonder at your not arriving; and upon my desiring the use of pen, ink, and paper, begged, if I in-

tended writing to my guardian, that I would only say I was safe with you, and make no mention of your neglect, which they ascribed entirely to business of the most important nature. I still thought you might have written; but my heart was as ready to make excuses as they were. I wrote my letter, which I gave to Mrs. Norton to put into the post-office, and which I now believe was never sent to my dear friend Mr. Bromley.

"About noon the gentleman, who called himself your friend, came again. As such I regarded him with tenderness; but, I confess, his excessive assiduities gave me much uneasiness. He gave us tickets for the play, and insisted, in your name, on my accompanying Mrs. and Miss Norton; adding, that in all probability, he should bring you with him to the house.

Ah! Melmot, then I did, indeed, see you, but your contemptuous looks, for which I could not account, filled me with anguish, and I was conveyed home in strong hystericks. To complete my misery, I then learnt the extent of my mistake, and that I was wholly in the power of lord Brauncestown. 'You see,' added the infamous woman who was my informer, 'Melmot believes you are as much devoted to him as we are. Either, then, consent to become lady Brauncestown (an honor he is even now willing to confer upon you,) or expect to be forced into a compliance of a less honorable nature.'

"I shuddered with horror; but, for the first time in my life, found hypocrisy necessary. I promised submission to her will, if they would but permit me a little time to recollect myself, which was granted; and, to prove my acquiescence, I was obliged to suffer myself to be dragged about from one public place to another for the whole time I was in that hated house, every hour expecting insults of brutality from my abandoned keeper.

Lord Brauncestown visited me every day, and, as I carefully concealed my abhorrence of him, believed that he had dazzled my imagination with the splendid scenes he presented to my view; but, though I apparently consented, my heart was determinedly repugnant, and I protracted the time he urged for the

completion of our marriage, day after day, in the hope of effecting my escape.

"On the evening appointed for the masquerade, it was determined I should go: his Lordship was to accompany us thither. About eleven o'clock he entered the apartment where we were, in the most dreadful state of intoxication, and advancing towards me with open arms, attempted to embrace me, protesting I should not delay his happiness a moment longer.

I shrieked with terror, and ran out of the room: his lordship attempted to follow me, but was withheld by the women, who, heedless of me, attempted to pacify him. I rushed into the drawing-room, the door of which stood open, and at that moment, by the most providential accident, found the window unfastened. Careless of the consequences, I threw up the sash, and, leaping from the window, was caught by the gentleman who brought me hither, and to whom I am indebted for more than life."

Melmot embraced her tenderly; but his heart was torn with agony while he reflected that he had now resigned all claim to her.

"You do not seem satisfied with my explanation, Melmot," said she, timidly: "are you still doubtful of my integrity?"

"Dearest girl, no!" exclaimed Melmot, in a passion of grief:—"but, Maria—I must resign all hopes of happiness!—In despair at your supposed baseness, I have engaged myself, irreversibly engaged myself, to one not less lovely, not less amiable, than yourself; and whose worth demands a better fate than to be united to such a wretch as I am!"

He struck his head in agony, and paced the room with irregular steps, crying incessantly—

"This Brauncestown—accursed villain!—'Tis he that has caused all my misery!—I will hunt him to the extremity of the earth. He shall fall, or I will get rid of an existence hateful to myself, and dangerous to all involved in my destiny."

Maria sat weeping in silent agony, casting on Melmot looks of the most supplicating remonstrance.

"Bitterly," said she, "am I punished for my imprudence! I will return to Mr. Bromley, and implore him to receive the unworthy penitent Maria."

Melmot flew to her, and taking her cold tear-bathed hand, pressed it to his lips with fervor.—

"Maria—you must be mine—I cannot, indeed I cannot, part from you. I will explain all to Mr. Bromley—implore his forgiveness, and throw myself entirely upon the generosity of Miss Harley."

"Maria, at length, agreed to wait Mr. Bromley's answer before she attempted to return home; and Melmot left her, in order to consult Percival upon the business; having first given a solemn promise that he would not then seek to revenge himself upon lord Brauncestow. They then parted; Melmot to seek his friend, Maria to write, and Mrs. Newcombe to weep the loss of her niece.

(To be continued.)

MADAME DE ROLAND.

WHEN Madame de Roland, one of the most accomplished women in France, and wife of Roland, the virtuous minister of the interior department, was judged to death by the revolutionary tribunal, after hearing her sentence, she said, "Vous me jugez digne de partager le sort des grands hommes que vous avez assassinés. Je tâcherai de porter à l'échafaud le courage qu'ils y ont montré."—"You think me worthy, then, of sharing the fate of those great men whom you have assassinated. I will endeavor to go to the scaffold with the courage they have displayed."

On the day of her trial she dressed herself in white; her long dark hair flowed loosely to her waist, and her figure would have softened any hearts less ferocious than those of her judges. On her way to the scaffold, she was not only composed, but sometimes assu-

med an air of gaiety, in order to encourage a person who was condemned to die at the same time, but who was not armed with the same fortitude.

When more than one person is led at the same time to execution, since they can only suffer in succession, those who are reserved to the last, are condemned to feel multiplied deaths at the sound of the falling instrument, and the sight of the bloody scaffold. To be the first victim was, therefore, considered as a privilege, and had been allowed to Madame Roland as a woman. But when she observed the dismay of her companion, she said to him—"Allez le premier : que je vous épargne au moins la douleur de voir couler mon sang."

"Go first: let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood shed."

She then turned to the executioner, and begged that this sad indulgence might be granted to her fellow sufferer. The executioner told her that he had received orders that she should perish first.

"But you cannot, I am sure," said she with a smile, "refuse the last request of a lady." The executioner complied with her demand. When she mounted the scaffold and was tied to the fatal plank, she lifted up her eyes to the statue of Liberty, near which the guillotine was placed, and exclaimed—

"Ah! Liberte, comme on t'a joué!"

"Ah! Liberty, how hast thou been sported with!"

The next moment she perished, but her name will be recorded in the annals of history, as one of those illustrious women whose superior attainments seem fitted to exalt her sex in the scale of being.

She had predicted that her husband would not survive her loss, and her prediction was fulfilled. Roland, who had concealed himself till this period, no sooner heard the fate of his wife, whose influence over his mind had often been a subject of reproach among his enemies, than, feeling that life was no longer worth possessing, he put an end to his existence.

His body was found in a wood, near the high road, between Paris and Rouen, the papers which were in his pocket book were sent to the committee of general safety, and have never seen the light. His unhappy daughter found an asylum with an old friend of her proscribed parents, who had the courage to receive her, at a period when it was imminently dangerous to afford her protection.

TACITURNITY.

MUCH is said by the ancients in praise of taciturnity, but it is not greatly admired by the moderns. And, indeed, when we consider that it is often the effect of dulness and pride, it may admit some doubt whether it is worthy of praise.

There are various motives for taciturnity. Some persons are afraid of exposing themselves to danger, and others to contempt. It is certain that a man who communicates all his thoughts without reserve is very likely to say something which he may wish in vain to retract. A word once uttered can never be recalled; "and many an one," says an ancient, "has repented of having spoken, but scarcely one of having kept silence."

But this regard for safety may certainly be carried too far. The extreme selfishness from which reserve often proceeds, is by no means amiable. Caution is certainly necessary in what we utter, but it does not follow that the same caution should deter us from uttering at all. Neither our words nor our affairs usually make that impression on others which our vanity is apt to conceive. If we are of such consequence as that our companions may find their interest in studying every part of our conversation and action, it will then become necessary to be oracular, or silent.

Or, if we are so unfortunate as to have chosen our companions among the base and treacherous, it will certainly be right to keep our mouths as it were with a bridle. But in this case the best advice that can be given is, that we abandon the company in which we cannot confide. In general we may conclude that there is not so much danger in

speaking, if we take care to regulate our words by prudence, as to justify a singular taciturnity.

Another cause of taciturnity is an excessive diffidence; and this quality is often found in men of the most amiable tempers and dispositions. Their feelings are so delicate, and their modesty so invincible, that though they are often the best qualified to make a good appearance in conversation, they give up all pretensions to excellence, and content themselves with becoming hearers only.

This weakness, though excusable in itself, is yet injurious to society, as it prevents the communication of many ideas and opinions which are calculated to improve mankind, and to sweeten the pleasures of friendly association.

But pride is a cause of taciturnity no less often than diffidence. There are many persons who think the company which they keep for the sake of ceremony, or in compliance with form, not worthy the honor of hearing the communication of their sapient cogitations.

They observe also that silence gives the appearance of wisdom; and they are conscious that they possess no method of acquiring the character of wisdom so easily as by silence. This requires no exertion of ingenuity or invention, but is often the natural result of sullen pride and subtle artifice.

Pride is so often united with ill-nature, that they may, I believe, be called inseparable companions; and it is undoubtedly true, that taciturnity is frequently caused by ill-nature; but let not morseness and sullenness, expressed by a haughty and contemptuous silence, pass for wisdom, virtue and erudition.

Stupidity is among the principal causes of taciturnity. If a subject arises which requires knowledge and elegance in its discussion, many persons are condemned to an involuntary silence. And indeed taciturnity in this case is the only quality which can appear to advantage; for to prate on subjects which we do not understand evinces at once our vanity and our ignorance. A modest attempt however to take a part in such conversation cannot but deserve praise and encouragement. Questions may be asked with great advantage to the inquirer, and without the least violation of decorum.

Upon the whole, I think it appears that taciturnity is by no means amiable or justifiable, except in cases of particular importance, in which judgment and common sense must ever dictate the proper behavior.

In early youth indeed silence is not only becoming, but the means of deriving improvement. He who is always talking in the company of his elders fills up that time with his own superficial remarks which might otherwise be employed in listening to the lessons of wisdom. In general, it may be prescribed as a rule, that we ought not to communicate our ideas till we have reason to entertain a modest confidence that they are worthy of acceptance. We should imitate the birds, who do not attempt to fly or leave the security of the nest till their wings are clothed with plumage, and their muscles furnished with a due degree of vigor.

EARLY RISING

BUFFON, the celebrated Naturalist, was in the habit of rising with the Sun but it was with great difficulty he conquered his natural indolence.

He thus relates the manner in which he accomplished it: "In my youth I was extremely fond of sleep and that fondness robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served him sixty-five years) was of the highest utility to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he should make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not next day to rouse and torment me—I abused him. He came the day following, and I threatened him, Friend Joseph, said I to him at noon, you have gained nothing and I have lost my time. You don't know how to manage the matter. Think only on my promise, and never heed my threatenings. The day following he accomplished his point. I begged, entreated, then abused, and would have turned him off. He raised me by absolute force; and had his reward every day for my ill-humor in the moment of waking—my thanks and a crown an hour after.

I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my work.

ACCOUNT OF A BRITISH PICT COQUETTE.

CASSIBELANA lived in the capital of the Trinobantes, and was remarkable for a fine stature, and a head of hair of a surprising length flowing in wanton luxuriance down her back. She always had at her toilet some of the most exquisite woad that could anywhere be produced, and she was celebrated for her curious art in preparing it for the purposes of adorning her person. The woad being of itself of a bluish cast; she would sometimes paint no part of her body but where the veins appeared; and to them she gave such a delicious coloring, that the pure and eloquent blood, as the poet calls it, seemed to show itself through her translucent skin.

As soon as she had established this fashion, and made the rest of her sex imitators, she would then suddenly change the mode, and embellish her whole body with various devices.

On the left side of her breast she would draw a young Cupid aiming an arrow at her heart; and on the right, a lover languishing in amorous indolence. Each leg presented an admirer kneeling at her feet, and imploring her compassion; while she, with all the complacence of self approving beauty, let fall her eyes with indifference and disdain.

On her back were represented the emblematical figures of a train of pages following her in her way with all the officiousness of careful attendance. On other parts of her person were presented to view, Venus, in a lovely attitude, emerging from the sea; the Graces were also to be seen walking hand in hand, their faces brightened by cheerfulness and mutual love.

In this manner she would bend at public sacrifices, where all eyes were often fixed on her alone; and frequently the venerable Druid could not avoid, even in the fervor of his devotion, to cast a glance upon such an attractive profusion of charms.

In this manner Cassibelana captivated the hearts of all her male beholders, who carved her name upon every oak in the country, and the banks of

Thames re-echoed to the music of her name. It was universally agreed she was the best painter of her age: her colors were warm and glowing, her figures bold and striking, and the natural motion of the parts of her body made them appear still more animated and vivified, as it were, with the animal functions of real life; an advantage which the most admired portraits of the most eminent painters since her days could never boast.

In all public places she entirely outshone the rest of her sex, which made her the general envy of the ladies, who frequently combined in parties of scandal to her disadvantage, even though tea was not then known to these parts of the world. Cassibelana was every day pulled to pieces, according to the modern phrase; and though the ladies allowed that she really had a very lively fancy in all her drawings, and an excellent design in all her drapery, yet they could not see she was so fine a woman; though to be sure, she had a pretty manner in putting on her things, for so they expressed the covering of woad, which seemed to conceal in some measure the natural superficies of her skin.

Upon the whole, Cassibelana was the leader of all the fashions even in Kent, the inhabitants of which were the most polished of all our islanders; and, as Cæsar tells us, differed but little from the manners of the Gauls; just as our modern fine ladies boast at present an exact conformity to French manners.

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EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE of
FEMALE HEROISM and TRUE
AFFECTION.

A PRIVATE soldier in one of the battalions, ordered on the expedition against New London, under the command of general Arnold, had a mistress who left England with him, and was the constant companion of his dangers.

He had survived several engagements, though wounded severely in two. During the time of action, his beloved Nancy was constantly by his side, determined to perish with her lover.

At the desperate attack made by Arnold on a post near New-London, the

soldier before mentioned received a musket ball directly in his forehead, and immediately dropt at the feet of his mistress, who had forced herself into the ranks when the firing began. Regardless of the danger she was then in, this amiable creature stood for some time with her eyes stedfastly fixed on the body of her lover, but recovering her wonted fortitude, she, with the greatest composure examined the wound he had received, and finding he was no more, conveyed the corps to a bank that was contiguous to the field of battle.—This done, she threw herself on the body, and kissed it for some time with the most apparent rapture.

Her lamentations drew a gentleman to the spot—but no sooner did she discover him, than she started up, flew to the place where lay the firelock her lover bore, and after unscrewing the bayonet, returned to the spot where she had placed his remains—then taking her last farewell, she plunged the bayonet to her heart, and expired without a groan.

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FROM THE TIMES.

LETTER FROM A TUTOR TO
HIS MISTRESS.

OH ! thou most potential of all Terrestrial beings ! know that thy irresistible charms have acted with such imperative sway over my passive heart, that it is reduced to the most perfect and unconditional adoration ! if, most adorable, I could but hear the slightest ejaculation, indicative of reciprocity, our concord would be most opitative : But, I fear that you still remain neuler ; and, although my passion has been demonstrative of the greatest personal attachment, it still has been consonant with the rules of decorum.

The most diminutively little of human creatures, connot feel more in the vocative than I do, when an oblique glance from your commanding eye, indicates displeasure ; nor can the most superlatively exalted among mankind, compare his ecstasy to that which I exhibit, when a ray of pleasure acts as an auxiliary to my hopes !

Your's until death,
PEDAGOGOS.

THE TEST
—OF GENEROSITY.—

AN APOLOGUE.

GENEROSITY chiefly consists in doing good to our enemies—of this truth, the following *Apologue* may serve for an illustration.

A certain father of a family, advanced in years, being desirous of settling his worldly matters, divided his fortune between his three sons,—“ Nothing remains, (said he to them) but a Diamond of great value. This I am determined to appropriate to whichever of you shall, within three months, perform the most noble, the most generous action.

The three sons accordingly departed different ways, and returned by the limited time. On presenting themselves before their judge, the eldest began :

“ Father, (said he) during my absence, I found a stranger so circumstanced, that he was under a necessity of entrusting me with the whole of his fortune. He had no written security from me, nor could he possibly bring any proof, any evidence of the deposit ; yet I faithfully returned to him every shilling —was there not something commendable in this action ?”

Thou hast done what was incumbent upon thee to do, my son, (replied the old man) the man who could have acted otherwise were unworthy to live ; for honesty is a duty. Thy action is an act of justice, not of generosity.

On this the second son advanced.

“ In the course of my travels (said he) I came to a lake, in which I beheld a child struggling with death : I plunged into it, and saved its life in the presence of a number of the neighboring villagers, all of whom can attest the truth of what I assert.”

“ It was well done (interrupted the old man :) but still there was nothing of generosity in this exploit : you only obeyed the dictates of humanity.”

At length the youngest of the three came forward.

“ I happened (said he) to meet my

THE VISITOR,

LONDON FASHIONS.

For January.

The *Achmet* turban has been much adopted of late; it is extremely elegant, the crown of ruby velvet, richly spangled, and the turban part of white satin and swansdown, with an oriental plume—white satin dresses of various kinds, trimmed with swansdown, to correspond, are much worn, many of which are short before, and sloped to a long train trimmed round with a rich border of ruby velvet stamped as a wreath of roses or etruscan border.

Ah, my son! (exclaimed the venerable man with transport, while he pressed him to his heart) to thee belongs the Diamond. Well hast thou deserved it.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 16, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 26 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 4—convulsions 6—casualty 1 (a man whose death was occasioned by a fall from a loft) croup 1—debility 1—decay 1—diarrhea 1—puerperal fever 2—hives 1—Inflammation of the bowels 1—still born 3—sudden death 1—and three of worms.

Of whom 8 were men—4 women—5 boys—and 9 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between the age of 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—3 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—1 between 40 and 50—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

Young Roscius—A late English Journal speaking of the Young Roscius, says, upon a probable calculation, his profits for one year taking date from his first appearance at Birmingham, will exceed £20,000 sterling, which is equal to eighty eight thousand, eight hundred and eighty eight dollars, and eighty eight cents.

Pelisses and dresses made of the Georgian cloth in its natural color, which is very beautiful, will also be much worn in the first circles—India shawls (put on as worn on the continent) A successful imitation of them has recently been made in this country, and will, we have no doubt, receive every encouragement from the ladies of the British Isles.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The shape of the back of the comb varies according to the taste of the artist or of the *elegante* who wears it. Nothing can be more whimsical or capricious. Some are in imitation of an *accolade*, a shuttle, the letters; in short, any shape you please is the fashion. A few sorts of materials are fashionable for a lady's dress; but the shape, the color, and the tissue, vary infinitely, even among *elegantes* of the first class. At the spectacle every box presents a different fashion, and we may justly exclaim, "*tot capita tot sensus.*"

In general, spangles, tinsel, and every thing glaring, diamonds excepted, are proscribed. Good taste and the graces appear to superintend the toilette of most of the *elegantes* and a fine shape is more than ever the fashion.

The ladies, when they visit the theatre, wear a great coat, which they take off upon entering their box. The greatest mark of attention which a *beau* can pay a *belle* is, when he perceives the piece drawing to a close, to fly to the lobby, place himself at the door of the box, and assist the fair one as she comes out, to put on her great coat.

At a late representation of the opera of *The Bards*, at the theatre des Arts, one *beau* was observed in the course of the night, to assist thirty five *elegantes* to put on their great coats. He is now considered the best bred man in Paris.

A well dressed *beau* wears a coffee color cloth coat, lined with white silk, steel buttons, and steel sword, an embroidered silk waistcoat, and *culotte* of the same as the coat, or of black silk. The bag and powder are not even strictly necessary with this dress, which we often see surmounted with a Roman head.

Incendiaries—Thursday morning, about two o'clock, an attempt was made to fire the house of Mr. Jacob C. Mott, No. 29 Frankfort-street, by placing live coals at the front door of the house. Two gentlemen passing at the time, fortunately discovered it, and alarmed the family, by which means property to an incalculable amount was preserved, as the wind blew strong from W. S. W.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

Monday evening last, about 9 o'clock, a man by the name of James Mean, happening to fall asleep on a bench, in the loft of the old Manhattan Steam Engine, fell off the same under the main beam, and the engine then going with considerable velocity, he was crushed in a shocking manner. With difficulty he was extricated, and immediately sent to the Hospital; where he languished in excruciating torment till three o'clock on Tuesday morning, and then expired.



MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. William Carlock, to Mrs. Jane Bruce, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Garret Brower, to Miss Rachel De Forest, both of this city.

In London, December 18, the Earl of Ormond, to Miss Clark of Sutton-Hall; she is possessed of a fortune near £30,000 per ann., besides near £100,000 in ready cash.

On Thursday the 21st Feb. Mr. John Clark Noe, to Miss Mary Brewster, daughter of Timothy Brewster, all of the township of New-Jersey.

On Sunday evening last, John W. Smith, esq. to Miss Sarah Henrietta Duer, 2nd daughter of the late col. William Duer.



DIED,

Lately, at Norfolk, Mr. Alexander McDonald, a native of the Sod, for many years Constable, Sexton, Hearse-Driver, Keeper of the Church Yard, Grave-Digger, &c. &c.

Poor Mac. who many a grave has made, At length is forc'd to yield the spade; That spade which dug so many graves, For wise, for weak, for honest men and knaves.

In Virginia—on Thursday evening last, at Goochland courthouse, Doctor John K. Reade, senior, who died at Norfolk on the 10th ultimo; and the brother of Mrs. Martha K. Banks, who was called to the tomb on the 3d of December last. Two of this family are still spared; but the sister has to bemoan the sad fate of the brother, who is captive in Tripoli.

In Brookfield, Mrs. Damaris Olds, aged 87: Her descendants are, 10 children, 79 grand-children, 127 great-grandchildren, and one of the 5th generation; making in the whole 217.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250 Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Jappan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the practice of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in ap-

pearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easiness & safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had at this office, and of most other Booksellers in this city.

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.

Price 25 cents.

VALUABLE INFORMATION to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

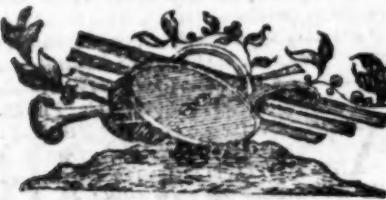
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Price One Dollar.

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THE VISITOR,

WASHING WEEK.
BY DOCTOR PERFECT.



MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in cloaths so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty stories tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who was so very kind to me
My Mother?

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my lie to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will sooth thy pains away,
My Mother.

And, when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

HEY! what's the bustle, what's the stir,
The eat is kick'd, and whipp'd the cur,
Women scold, and laugh and sing,
And scandal stretches wide her wing,
One must not look, nor write, nor speak,
And all because it's WASHING WEEK.

How comfortless, and lost to glee,
While Delia too is lost to me—
Lost to me, while at the tub,
See her clip, and see her rub,
Gods! that one so sweet and fair,
Should a task so arduous share!
Muse, behold the charming maid,
Nor of soap, nor suds afraid:
But this, you must not sing or speak,
For this is busy, WASHING WEEK.

Bring the cream, and warm the beer,
Give the washer-woman cheer:
Bring bread and cheese, and then the tea,
Liquor of garrulity:
Betty hangs the clothes to dry,
Bandage o'er her head and eye:
What ails Betty? Why her tooth,
Tells she does not love with truth:
But the truth we must not speak,
For this is surely WASHING WEEK.

But lo! it rains go strip the line,
Clouded Sol! forgets to thine,
Never were such dismal screams,
Women scold like scalded fiends;
Above, below, and all around,
Peace is no where to be found,
Sooner I a shirt would lack,
Sooner wear one e'er so black,
Than be doom'd with mind so meek,
To undergo one WASHING WEEK.

In my humble hut at ease,
O grant me, Heav'n a little peace!
Grant my mind a little rest,
And let my enemies opprest'd,
Contend with thunder, wind and waves,
When tempests howl, and ocean raves!
No! I might revenge chastisement deal,
Oh let them feel all that I feel,
When I in corner, snug, my beak
Conceal, afraid to move or speak—
Sad victim of sweet, WASHING WEEK.

IMPROV'TU.

On the marriage of Mr. Husband, to
Miss Breeding, of Durham.

WHEN single you were BREEDING; yet
Twas known you were a maid;
An HUSBAND you when BREEDING, met,
And soon a wife was made!
Indeed, fair dame, this match has prov'd
A very odd proceeding,
Your HUSBAND, single, BREEDING lov'd,
You wedded, leave off BREEDING.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Potions, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he proposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL
New-York, No. 17, Bunker-street.

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